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ALLYNE HELD THE LETTER IN THE BLAZE, AND IN A FEW SECONDS THE PAPER WAS ASHES.

## THE SCARLET HAND; OR, The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF  
NEW YORK HEARTHS AND NEW YORK HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE AND FEAR.

BLANCHE MAYBURY sat in the parlor of the Strathtroy mansion. 'Twas early evening. The gas had just been lighted.

Blanche sat by the window looking listlessly out upon the darkness of the avenue, which was lit up here and there by the lights flashing from the windows of the brown-stone palaces.

It was the evening of the day that she had been called upon Mr. Chubbet, her guardian, and made known to him her strange determination respecting Allyne Strathtroy.

Blanche did not feel in a pleasant mood. It was a terrible struggle to tear from her heart the image of the man that had once been enshrined there; but she felt that she did not love him, and though it cost her many a bitter pang, yet she had resolved to do what she believed to be her duty.

Gloomy were her thoughts as she gazed out on the broad street before her. She expected a bitter—an unpleasant interview with Allyne, when he should learn the truth, and she was nervously herself to meet the trial.

"Musing alone," Blanche said a deep voice at her side. Started for a moment, for she had not heard any one enter the parlor, she turned her head and beheld Allyne Strathtroy standing by her side, and the strange expression upon Allyne's face told her also that it would be far from being a pleasant one.

"I did not hear you come in," she said, looking up in his face.

"Am I the less welcome on that account?" he asked, leaning on the back of the cushioned arm-chair in which she sat, and looking down into her face with a gleam in his eyes that chilled her to the heart, although his glance was one of fire.

"No, of course not," she replied, answering the odd question that he had asked.

Blanche, what were you thinking of when I entered the room?" he said.

"Why—of—a great many things," she replied, with hesitation. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, from the expression upon your face when I came in, I should judge that your thoughts were not pleasant ones."

Blanche could not understand the strange feeling that came over her now in Allyne Strathtroy's presence. His voice—the voice whose rich tones were once so pleasant to her ear—now filled her soul with a strange apprehension of danger. She could assign no reason for this change. She could only feel it, without being able to explain why or wherefore.

"How strangely you speak, Allyne," she said, after a few minutes of silence, feeling that she should say something.

"I do not speak as strangely as you act, Blanche," he replied.

The painful interview was coming, and yet now that she could not avoid it, her heart sunk within her and she would have given almost any thing to escape, and this, too, after bravely making up her mind to encounter it.

"Blanche," he continued, finding that she did not reply, "I have seen Mr. Chubbet, your guardian. He told me the particulars of an interview between you and himself this morning. I would not have believed such an interview could have taken place had I not his word for it. Blanche, what have I ever done to you that you should break your faith with me?" The tone of Allyne was deep and strong, but more full of angry passion than of sorrowful emotion.

"Nothing." The word came slowly from the lips of the fair girl, who bent her head and did not seem, dare to encounter the look of the young man.

"Ah, nothing," he repeated; "and for nothing you break your word! You plunge me down into utter misery. You take away from me all that makes life joyful—yourself, and all for—nothing." Bitter indeed was his tone.

Blanche, I thought better of you, he said impatiently. "You have allowed a wicked fancy to sway your better judgment.

You will change again, possibly, as suddenly and as little reason as you have changed this time. Then you will beg me to forget this scene; to forget your foolish words."

"No, Allyne," answered Blanche, decidedly. "I am not acting foolishly, nor am I yielding to any sudden fancy. At first I thought it was a fancy and strove to cast it off, but the effort was useless. I can not give a reason for acting this way, it is true; neither can I give a reason for shrinking when I see a snake; it is but fear—instinctive fear."

"And do you have the same fear of me that you have of a snake?" he asked, with bitterness in his voice.

"Not exactly the same, of course," she replied, "but it is like that feeling. I can not explain it any better, but I shrink from you without knowing why."

"So you would have all at an end between us?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, firmly; "all is at an end between us. I have told you the reasons as well as I can, that urges me to this step; and, Allyne, do not think harshly of me, for the parting gives me as much pain as it can possibly give you."

"I should be very foolish indeed if I allowed you to persevere in this foolish whim," said the young man, firmly.

"Why, Allyne, what do you mean?" asked Blanche, in wonder.

"Simply that, if for the moment you are mad, I am not," replied Strathtroy.

"Oh, Allyne, do not speak so cruelly!" cried Blanche, in anguish.

"Blanche, you have given me your promise to become my wife, have you not?" demanded Strathtroy.

"Yes," replied Blanche, unable as yet to guess the drift of the question.

"And you wish to be released from that promise?"

"Yes; it is my duty, now that I know the truth, to ask for that release."

Blanche, you are my promised wife, and while I live, I will never release you," Allyne Strathtroy spoke firmly.

"But, Allyne, you can not mean—" cried Blanche, in wonder.

"To hold you to your promise? But I do, though. I will not let you make wretched both your own life and mine by this thoughtless act," replied Allyne.

"And you are willing to marry a woman who tells you that she can not love you?"

"I can not tell," said Blanche, in despair.

"That is why I am so miserable. My heart tells me that I fear you, and yet I can not give a reason for it."

"This is but a girlish fancy!" exclaimed Strathtroy.

"No, no, Allyne, it is not!" cried Blanche, while, in spite of her efforts, the tears came slowly into her eyes. "Oh, Allyne, do not blame me for acting as I have, rather pity me; for oh! you can not guess how wretched this knowledge has made me. Only one little week ago, I looked forward to the day when I should call you husband, with ea-

"Yes, I have changed, and you are the cause of that change. Blanche, I will never resign myself."

"Allyne, I never expected to hear you speak like this. You are not the Allyne I loved, and I will never be your wife of my own free will." Let me pass."

Then, with a queenly step, she left the room. Allyne did not offer to detain her.

"Blanche, you can not escape me," he said, fiercely, sinking into a chair with an angry glare in his dark eyes.

### CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRAIL.

"SHE is fully in my power," mused Allyne, as he took the seat by the window wherein Blanche had sat. "How can she escape me?" The five thousand dollars will make old Chubbet do my will. I read his character at the first glance—the infernal old scoundrel. If he can not persuade or force Blanche to become my wife, some other means must be used. And what other means can be used?" For a moment Allyne pondered over the question. "I have it!" he exclaimed, at last. "I can find a minister somewhere, who, for a good round sum, will not be particular whether the young lady says 'yes' or 'no' when we stand up before him. I will make the girl mine if I am sure of sinking to hell's fires the moment afterward."

Then Allyne thought over the interview that had taken place between Blanche and himself.

"There seems to be a special Providence in this strange dislike that the girl has taken to me," he muttered; "she can not understand the reason, but I can, though, and I do not wonder at it. Some persons laugh at presentations; I do not. I am convinced that there is something within our natures—some mysterious and unknown power, that the eye of science has not yet reached or even guessed at—that warns us of coming evil. This girl, hates me, whom she used to love, warned by that mysterious power. I hate this man—this outcast wretch, whose name even I do not know—but whom I feel—warned by this same power—is either destined to kill me or I him. Once already I have failed. And now how can I discover him, discover where he has his den, that again I may seek and strike him—again stain my hand scarlet in blood?"

A ring of the door-bell interrupted Allyne's meditations. Glancing through the window, which commanded a view of the front steps, he saw a tall figure dressed in black standing there. The figure was not familiar to the young man.

"What does he want, I wonder?" he said to himself.

A few moments after one of the servants, who had answered the bell, came into the room.

"What is it, Williams?" Allyne asked.

"It's an old gentleman, sir—who says he used to know your father—would like to see you, if you are disengaged," said the servant.

"Show him in here; I'll see him."

Allyne Strathtroy had a strange curiosity regarding the father that had had so mysterious disappeared twenty-two years before.

The servant conducted the gentleman into the parlor.

Allyne beheld a man, apparently about sixty years of age, clad in an old-fashioned black suit. His hair was iron-gray and cut quite close to the head. His face was smoothly shaven, and was lit up by a pair of keen, grayish-black eyes.

The moment Allyne beheld him, he was seized with the impression that he had seen the man somewhere before, but where or when he could not remember, although he racked his brains to do so.

"Mr. Allyne Strathtroy, I presume, sir," said the stranger, after the servant had left the room.

Allyne gave a slight start when the tones of the stranger's voice fell upon his hearing.

The voice, too, was familiar. The circumstance puzzled the young man. The keen eyes of the stranger noticed the movement on the part of Allyne, slight as it was.

There was nothing in the stranger's voice to excite attention. He spoke in a low, monotonous tone, with a slight degree of harshness—such a voice as might belong to either a country schoolmaster or minister.

"Yes, sir," replied Allyne. "I am Allyne Strathtroy."

"I am truly proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said the stranger, with an angular bow.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Obadiah Howard, from Unionville, Cattaraugus County, New York."

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. Howard;

"Thank you; you are extremely good,"

"I think you mentioned that you were acquainted with my father," the young man said.

"Yes, I have that honor, and how is your worthy father?" the stranger asked.

Allyne stared in astonishment.

"How? Is it possible that you do not know that my father disappeared some twenty-two years ago, and has never been heard of since?" asked Allyne.

"Oh, I do remember," pears to me."

The stranger, in some little confusion, "The fact is, Mr. Strathtroy, I have not seen your father for nigh onto twenty-five years."

"He was up our way one summer and he stopped a spell at our house, and invited me to call upon him if I ever came to New York; and so, as I got down here now, I thought I'd just drop in and return the visit."

There was something so ludicrous in the idea of a man letting twenty-five years

go by without having heard of his father.

"Allyne Strathtroy, you have changed indeed,"

"Who tells you that she fears you almost as she fears a serpent?"

"Yes," again repeated Strathtroy.

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"Who tells you that she fears you almost as she fears a serpent?"

"Yes," again repeated Strathtroy.

"Allyne Strathtroy, you have

daunt, the outcast actor—the man that he feared so much.

"At last I know him!" Allyne muttered. "If he escapes me now, it is because it is fated that I shall perish by his hand, and not he by mine."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE SLASHER MAKES A MORNING CALL.

It was the morning after the night when Allyne Strathroy had made the discovery that Edmund Mordaunt was the name of the vagabond player that he feared so much, and that apparently without any reason, that an omnibus rolling up Madison avenue stopped at Twenty-third street and deposited Mr. John Duke, the notorious Slasher, upon the curbstone.

The Slasher was habited in his best attire; in fact, he looked quite the gentleman, excepting that the checks on his trowsers were a little too large, and the dogs' heads on his velvet vest a little too flashy. To speak plainly, Duke's "get-up" came under the head of "cloud." Not that the Slasher had any such idea, for he glanced at himself with an air of complacency that showed plainly that he was perfectly satisfied with his personal appearance.

"I rayther think this is the sort of thing," he said, as he walked slowly down the street, heading toward Fifth avenue. "Blest if I don't look like a blood' all over! This rig is just stunnin'. I spect the young sport will be rayther astonished at a call from John Duke, Esquire, as he don't happen to have the pleasure of my acquaintance. But, I think that before I've been in his shanty long, we'll be thick as thieves."

As the reader has doubtless surmised from the musings of the Slasher, that worthy was on his way to pay a morning call to Allyne Strathroy.

The Slasher turned into Fifth avenue, and as he did so, he took from his pocket the letter that the man who had been so mysteriously murdered—James Kidd—had written to Allyne Strathroy, and which he, the Slasher, had picked up from beneath the table in the room of the murdered man, on the morning when he had discovered the body.

The Slasher read the address on the envelop. Then he glanced at the number upon the house by which he stood. "It's on the other side of the street, and I guess on the next block," he muttered. "I might as well cross over now." So over the street went the Slasher.

"Let me see," he mused, as he walked along. "Let me fix the slate"—prepare the programme. This letter that I found in the room is pretty good proof that this Allyne Strathroy was there on the night of the murder. Suppose I make a bold dash at it, an' swear to him that I saw him go into the house? How's that for high?" and the Slasher chuckled over the idea. "If he's the man that give Jimmy Kidd that wipe with the long knife, why, when I make the charge, he'll be apt to knuckle an' see me for to hold my tongue. If he ain't the man, and is innocent of the murder, why he'll deny it, an' I've made a mistake, that's all. But I feel pretty sure he is the man. But what did he want to kill Jimmy for? That's what I can't understand. There's a mystery about it."

By the time that Duke had arrived at this conclusion, he had reached the house of Allyne Strathroy. His eyes fell upon the door-plate bearing the young man's name.

"Here's my bird," he said, with a chuckle, as he ascended the steps and gave the bell a lusty pull. "Now I'll try for to see if I can't put some salt on his tail. If he's my man I'll let him down easy; 'bout two thousand a year; that will be a tidy salary. I couldn't steal much more nor that I was to run for an office an' git elected."

Then the door opening, cut short Duke's meditations.

"Is Mister Allyne Strathroy in, young feller?" The Slasher wished to impress the servant with the idea that he was a swell of the first water.

"Yes," said the servant, shortly, not relishing the familiar style of the address. "Well, just you trot off an' tell him that a gent wishes to see him on particular business," said Duke, icily.

"Are you the gent?" asked the servant, superciliously.

"You can go your pile on, that, young feller," said the Slasher, with a wink.

"Your card, sir," and the servant extended his hand.

"My what?" asked the Slasher, beginning to be a little wrathful.

"Your card, of course—your name," explained the servant, with an air of dignity.

"What do you want my name for?" demanded the Slasher, who was not over-patient by nature, and whose choler was rising at this sort of treatment.

"So I can take it in to my master; then he'll know whether he'll see you or not."

The footman was very unfavorably impressed by the Slasher's manner, and had set him down as a low fellow at first sight.

"Well, my name won't be of any use, for your master don't know me. Just you tell him it's a gent on particular business."

"Mr. Allyne Strathroy don't see gente as can't send in their names," said the servant, shortly; and he attempted to shut the door in the Slasher's face; but that worthy was too quick for him; for, putting his broad shoulders against the door, he pushed it open and sent the servant reeling back into the entry.

"You just try that on ag'in an' I'll hit you right in the snoot," said the Slasher, doubling up his huge fist, and advancing upon the terrified servant.

"What is the matter, Williams?" said Allyne Strathroy, speaking from the head of the stairs, whither he had been attracted by the noise in the entry.

As the sound of Allyne's voice fell upon the ears of the Slasher, he started slightly and a puzzled expression came over his face of the stairs, whither he had been attracted by the noise in the entry.

"Why, I've met this chap, somewhere," he muttered, "an' I've heard that voice before."

"It's a man insists upon seeing you, sir, and he won't give his name," said the servant, retreating out of the reach of the Slasher's muscular arm.

"Say a gent, you foo-foo you!" growled the Slasher, in an undertone. The servant retreated still further along the entry.

"To see me," said Allyne, beginning to descend the stairs. Half-way down, he saw the Slasher's face, and for a moment paused on the stairway, while a strange, peculiar wrinkle came between his eyes. Then again he slowly descended the stairs.

The Slasher, looking up, saw the face of the young man.

"Blest if I ain't seen him somewhere, too," the rough muttered.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" asked Allyne, speaking in quite a low and apparently guarded tone.

"Yes, if you are Mr. Allyne Strathroy," said the Slasher, who was sorely puzzled, for when he heard the young man speak at the head of the stairs, he could have sworn that he knew the voice; but now, the voice seemed utterly strange to him. But the face still was familiar. The Slasher knew that somewhere, before, he had seen a face that looked like the face of the young man.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?" Allyne asked. He, like the servant, was evidently not favorably impressed with the appearance of Mr. John Duke.

"My business is particular and private," said the Slasher, doggedly. "I can't tell you here in the entry with that cuss a-listening. You kin hear me or not, just as you likes. I ain't particular. But if you don't want to see me, why I've got a little note here, addressed by Mr. James Kidd to a young gent as lives in this neighborhood, an' I'll call upon the nearest police justice an' ask him what I ought to do about it."

The Slasher's tone was loud and defiant.

"You need not make so much noise, my friend," said Allyne, coolly.

The Slasher was astonished. He had expected that, at the very mention of the name of James Kidd, Allyne Strathroy would almost have gone down on his knees before him and begged him to keep silent. But the young man was perfectly cool and showed no symptoms of alarm whatever. The Slasher began to have an impression that perhaps he was not going to have as easy a task as he had anticipated in bringing Allyne Strathroy to terms.

"Well, you wanted to know my business, and now you knows it," returned the rough.

"If you will walk up-stairs to my library I will listen to what you have to say, although I am not in the habit of granting interviews to strangers," said Allyne, in the same cool tone that he had previously used.

"All right. I'm agreeable," replied Duke, and then he followed the young man upstairs.

"He's a cool hand," muttered the Slasher; "it's goin' to be a more difficult job than I thought. But I'll go for him lively, though."

Allyne conducted his strange-looking visitor to his library.

They entered and Allyne closed the door. "Now, sir, your business?" Allyne asked.

"No danger of being overheard here?" the Slasher said, mysteriously.

"I think not; none of my household are in the habit of playing the eavesdropper, that I am aware of," said the young man, haughtily.

"Well, we can't be too careful, you know, Mr. Strathroy," observed the Slasher.

"Walls you know, have ears sometimes,"

"I do not think that you will find that to be the case here," retorted Allyne, coldly.

"My what?" asked the Slasher, beginning to be a little wrathful.

"Your card, of course—your name," explained the servant, with an air of dignity.

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"He was murdered in Baxter street, only

a little while ago," said Duke, thinking that this shot would hit if the first had failed.

"I have neither friends nor acquaintances who reside in the neighborhood of Baxter street to my knowledge," said Allyne, a slight sneer curling the corners of his mouth.

"No, that ain't improbable 'bout the friends, but you might have had an enemy there," said the Slasher, significantly, and a cunning leer came over his face as he spoke.

"What do you mean?" asked Strathroy.

"That I accuse you of having murdered James Kidd!" said the Slasher, defiantly.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE SLASHER "SLASHED."

For a moment Allyne Strathroy looked at the Slasher with a face as calm as a summer sea.

"Will you be so obliging as to repeat that last remark of yours?" he asked, in a cool, unruffled tone, that showed no trace of emotion.

"Didn't I speak plain enough?" demanded the rough, in an ugly way. "I said that I, John Duke, accuse you of the murder of James Kidd, and now what have you got to say to it?"

"What have I to say to it?" said the young man, a quiet smile upon his face.

"Why, all I have to say to it is to ask you if you are drunk or crazy?"

"You'll find out if I'm drunk or crazy when you're behind the prison-bars, my gay young blood," cried the Slasher, in a rage.

"And who is going to put me there?"

"I am."

"Oh, you are!" And then again Allyne favored the rough with a look which the latter didn't like at all.

"Will you be so obliging as to repeat that last remark of yours?" he asked, in a cool, unruffled tone, that showed no trace of emotion.

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The stranger walked in at once, and seated himself on one of the rude chairs of the cabin.

"Thank you kindly," he said. "I promised Tom to call and see you. He sent several messages by me to Pittsburgh—among them one to you—and here I am. I only arrived two hours since."

"May God bless you, sir, for your kindness! And was Tom well, sir? Was he still mindful of old Ben? And where was he, sir, when he gave you the message for me?"

The stranger started, but, after a moment's hesitation, replied:

"Tom was well, and always spoke of you with the warmest affection. When I saw him, some months ago, he was far away from this! But, Tom has been fortunate, since he was here."

"Fortunate? And how, sir? I know he had good luck in some things, but to what do you refer?"

"He has had a great deal of money left him," replied the stranger, quietly, glancing at the old man.

"I'm glad, indeed, to hear it, sir!" said Ben, promptly; "for, if ever man deserved the smiles of heaven, Tom Worth was that man! To tell you the truth, Mr. Morton," and he drew his chair confidentially toward the richly-clad gentleman, "there was something strange about Tom—that boy of mine. He was wonderful book-learned, sir, and though he had thews of steel and muscles of iron, and a fist that could shiver an inch-thick oak plank, yet that hand, though he worked in the mine, was always so white, so fine, so like a gentleman's, sir, that I often thought, though I didn't say it, that Tom was not exactly what he seemed to be. And, then, Mr. Morton, Tom was so gentle, so respectful, sir, to the women. And I tell you, sir, that such a man is a true man, and one as don't forget he has had a mother, sir."

The stranger listened intently, his eyes fixed on the old man's face—those eyes wet still.

"You speak words of wisdom, my friend," he said, in a low voice, one deeply enthusiastic from emotion, "and you are right—such men are true men."

"Yes, Mr. Morton; and Tom Worth was one of them! And then, too, in a rough-and-tumble, my stars, sir! he was a perfect lion, and—But do you know his story, sir? He had a little trouble hereabouts!"

The old man spoke cautiously.

"Yes," replied the stranger; "I know Tom Worth's story, every word, and I know, too, that Tom was innocent."

"Innocent? Of course he was! And he would be a brave man, as I have said more than once, who would contradict me! Though—though—truth be told, for a long time, Tom himself would not say whether or not he was."

"Perhaps he had his reasons," suggested Mr. Morton, softly.

"Of course, sir, of course!" was the reply. "That was Tom! Reasons for every thing, and good ones! God be thanked that I have heard from him again!"

A silence of some minutes ensued, the stranger bending his head in thought, old Ben sitting with his eyes half closed, a pleasant smile spreading over his countenance, as his mind, doubtless, was traveling back over the past. The old man was thinking of Tom Worth, and the other was thinking of—what?

Suddenly the old man broke the silence by saying:

"You have brought me news, Mr. Morton—good, glorious news for me, and the same for another!" and he glanced familiarly at the stranger, as if courting a confidence.

Mr. Morton started; his face flushed slightly, and his mustached lip trembled. But he asked, quietly:

"What do you mean, Mr. Walford?"

"Why, sir, there can be no harm in telling you, for you are Tom's friend. Why, sir, Tom was a handsome lad, and he had, truth be told, a wondrous way with the women. And, sir—why, Tom was in love, and in love with a rich man's daughter."

The old man paused.

Mr. Morton drew still nearer to the miner, his gaze fixed upon him earnestly, expectantly.

"Well, Mr. Walford?"

"And, sir, the girl—God bless her for a noble woman—loved Tom more than any plain, blunt words of mine can tell you, sir. And she would have married Tom in spite of every thing had my boy stayed; but, poor thing—"

Again the old man paused.

Mr. Morton was now showing signs of excitement. He placed his hand upon the old man's arm, and said, in a deep whisper:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Walford; what of this poor girl, who loved the humble Tom Worth of those days?"

"Why, sir, poor thing, she has almost grieved herself to death after him. In spite of all I could say and swear to her, she believes Tom is dead—was drowned, sir. Why—would you believe it—she has been wearing black for Tom for these two years past! Don't that show love, sir? Again I say, may God bless that woman!"

"Amen!" echoed Mr. Morton, and a tear dimmed his eye; nor did the turning of his head conceal his emotion from old Ben.

"And now, sir, the other part of your good news," said the miner, softly, "is that I can tell Miss Grace positively that Tom

is not dead, and that perhaps, nay I know it, sir! that, though he is rich now, yet he is true to her still!"

"Ay, my friend! True to the death?" said the stranger, somewhat vehemently—so much so, indeed, that old Ben glanced at him quickly.

"But," continued Mr. Morton, as he saw the effect of his words, "it will not do now to tell the—this young lady of mine. We will wait; I have my reasons."

"Of course, sir, of course. And I am so glad to hear from Tom; I'd almost be willing to die without ever more seeing old England if my eyes could fall on Tom. God grant it!"

"You may see him yet, Mr. Walford; who knows?" said the stranger, quickly. "But," he continued, as if recollecting himself, "I have with me a letter from Tom for you. Here it is," and he drew it from his pocket and handed it over.

The old man took it with an air almost reverential; fondled it for a moment in his large hands, and gazed affectionately at the superscription.

"Yes, 'tis from Tom!" he muttered; "I see his writing—so clear, so strong and fine, like printing! But, sir, my old eyes are dim; read that letter for me. I would not miss a single word for ten dollars in gold! Read it, sir, for me. If you are a friend of Tom Worth, and I believe you are, there can be no secrets in it from you. Read it, Mr. Morton; for, though your beard is white, your eyes—I know it—are younger and sharper than mine."

The stranger started at these words, and a smile flashed over his face; but, he took the letter, opened it, and spread out the sheet. As he did so, several bank-notes fell down. The stranger quietly picked them up and laid them on the table.

The old miner looked at the money, and then bowed his head.

"I will read Tom's letter if you are ready," said Mr. Morton, after a pause, in a low voice.

"Read, read on, sir," said the old man did not raise his head.

After another moment's hesitation, the stranger read, in a steady, but subdued voice, as follows:

"DEAR BEN:—

"God be thanked that I can write to you again, and tell you that I have not forgotten you!" Though many long months have rolled by since we parted on the banks of the river, yet, Ben, you are dear to me still. I have undergone much since I last saw you—sighed much, but through all I have remembered you, the only true friend I ever had! I am far away now, Ben—far away from you and our dear old cabin on the hill-side where you and your 'boy' have passed so many happy, honest hours together!"

The stranger's voice wavered; old Ben's giant frame shook like an aspen leaf.

"And, Ben, it may be," resumed the stranger, reading from the letter, "that we will never more meet there. If such should be God's will, bow to it, Ben, and pray, with me, that we may meet in the bright hereafter. I have inclosed to you, Ben, notes to the value of one hundred pounds—the money of your native land—old England, so dear to you. I can afford it. Take it, Ben; it comes a free gift from one who loves you more tenderly than words can tell. Good-bye, Ben—I can not say forever; but, should it be decreed that we meet no more on earth, do your whole part as a God-fearing man to meet me in the better land. May God bless you!"

For five minutes there was a complete silence; and then, as if fearing to speak, the old miner slowly raised his tear-bedewed face.

"I'll do it, Tom! I'll do it!" he whispered, in a deep tone, as if addressing the shade of his absent friend. "Trust me, Tom, for, with God's help, I will do it—will do all, any thing to meet you again, my noble boy!"

He took the notes, pressed them silently to his lips, and placed them away in his bosom, as if they were souvenirs too sacred to place elsewhere.

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Mr. Morton was now showing signs of excitement. He placed his hand upon the old man's arm, and said, in a deep whisper:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Walford; what of this poor girl, who loved the humble Tom Worth of those days?"

The sun had been up for an hour, the next morning, when the tall, aristocratic Mr. Morton went forth from the humble cabin of the miner. And when he left it was in company with old Ben, who blithely took his way toward the "Black Diamond," where he was still a valuable hand.

The stranger did not in the least seem ashamed of old Ben's humble, grimy miner's suit, nor of the plain, unpretending appearance of the hard-working old man. They conversed earnestly and sociably together, until they reached the Mount Washington road. Here Ben struck across the hillside toward the mines, and Mr. Morton

hurried on down the road, in the direction of the Smithfield street bridge.

When the stranger reached the foot of the road and stood on the abutment of the bridge, he paused a moment, and glanced up at the towering precipice of the coal hills. His eyes wandered about restlessly for a few seconds; but, finally, they settled on the black, cavernous opening of a mine. Just then a brawny figure stood by that far-away hole, but in a moment more had disappeared within the black depths.

Mr. Morton sighed gently, and then, almost instantly, a proud, triumphant smile flashed over his features. But, the smile passed off, too, and a serious, determined look settled on his fine face. Seeing, however, that he was attracting considerable attention from passers-by, he hurriedly turned about, and strode on over the bridge toward the city.

Just before he reached his hotel, at the further end of the bridge, he muttered, in an abstracted manner:

"Very strange! wondrous strange! These mutations in fortune! Stranger still that these two characters should play roles in this mysterious drama! 'Tis difficult to forget past events. There's foul-play, double-dealing, rascality somewhere! It may be well to investigate the matter; something curious may be brought to light, for the man is a scoundrel, if one walks the earth!"

With these strange words Mr. Morton passed on and entered the Monongahela House—no one paying any special heed to him.

This same day, after some searching about, which he did in a carriage and very leisurely, Mr. Morton engaged an elegant suite of rooms in a private house on Penn street, and had his numerous articles of baggage sent hither from the vehicle.

"Drive to the corner yonder and await me; I will come in a few moments," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, obliquely.

Mr. Morton paused as the carriage drove off, and gazed covertly, half-pityingly at that unpretending tenement, now sheltering one who, in a former day, had boasted of his great wealth.

Just then old Ben Walford, staggering along under a huge basket, rapped at the little side alley. Ben had a holiday this morning from the mine, and a joyous glow was spreading over his face. It may have been that the holiday occasioned this; or, perhaps it was the result of the hundred pounds his absent friend Tom Worth had sent him by this same stranger.

The old man did not seem surprised at seeing Mr. Morton, though it was evident that the latter was startled at the sight of the miner.

"This is my offering, sir," said the old man, in a low voice, smiling sweetly and good-naturedly.

Mr. Morton did not answer; he simply placed his gloved finger upon his lips, and turning at once, walked up the steps and rung the bell.

Old Ben disappeared in the alley, and in a moment a glad, joyous voice—that of a female—was heard welcoming him warmly. Then there was a silence, and then a sob. Then old Ben's honest words were heard saying, sternly:

"Bear up, bear up, Miss Grace! You're friends still, and you see old Ben has found you, and he thinks more of you than ever!"

Mr. Morton's frame shook. But, suddenly, shambling footsteps were heard within the hall; then the bolt was turned by a feeble hand. The door opened, and poor old Richard Harley, sad and worn, anxious and haggard, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, stood there.

The stranger evidently had need to control himself; but, despite his efforts, he seemed a new man, did this old miner, and those around him in the shafts and dark galleries of the underground world, noticed his changed demeanor, and paused more than once to hearken to his bold snatches of song, which now and then rung through the pit.

Old Ben was happy.

Why should he not be? He had heard from Tom, and his "boy" had sent him a large sum of money!

And then, too, Ben had the promise of another early visit from the white-whiskered Mr. Morton, to whom it was evident the old miner had taken a wondrous liking.

Night had once more fallen upon the city and its suburbs. The raw autumn wind was blowing lustily, betokening by its chilly breath, the early coming of the winter. A racing squadron of leaden clouds was flying across the sky, and no moon or stars, save at long intervals, mirrored their silvery images in the bosom of the broad rivers hurrying by the dark city.

It was the night after the arrival of the mysterious stranger—the night after Fairleigh Somerville's induction as owner, into the princely mansion on Stockton avenue—the night after Richard Harley was led away from the lordly dwelling, lately his, to a humble home on Cedar avenue—led away by his dove-eyed, sad-faced daughter in black.

The hour was ten, and in this sober, staid little suburb of Pittsburgh—Allegheny city—the lamp-lighters were already extinguishing the gas in the streets; for, in this exemplary borough, lone in certain localities, the citizens had long since retired for the night, and there was no need of light.

The gas lamps along the quiet, unpretending Cedar avenue had ceased to fling out their glimmer for over an hour. But, in one small, humble house on this retired street there beamed forth a light. It came from a curtainless window on the first floor of the little tenement.

Two figures, both brawny and athletic, crept cautiously along the lonely avenue. They paused once or twice to look around them, but only for a moment.

"I must—I must be satisfied!" muttered one of the men. "I can not sleep until I have found their abode."

"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—" Ha! sh! sh! "There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

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"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—" Ha! sh! sh! "There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

The first speaker paused and glanced across the street, in the direction his companion had pointed. He started as if shot, and trembling in every limb, sunk back against the fencing which skirted the Com-

waking—the old man again spread out the sheet, and read the following:

"MY DEAR SIR.

"I have not forgotten your kindness to me, long ago, on the East Liberty road, when you took me in and sheltered me. And though I and my fortunes, since then, have been under a cloud, yet I have not ceased to remember you with gratitude, whatever your feelings have been toward me. Remember me—if you can conquer unseemly prejudice to Grace, and assure her of my unchanged love. I inclose a sum which may serve to show you—that you are a rich man that I am not lacking in gratitude. May God bless you under all circumstances, and may He bless Grace, too. I send this by a safe hand, and though many miles are before him, he will deliver it safely. You will know who I am when I sign myself,

"Yours, with gratitude,

"TO M. WORT."

The letter fluttered down, and the old man gazed speechlessly at the four fifty-pound notes which had dropped from the parcel. And then, as a heartfelt prayer of gratitude was going up from his soul, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder.

Grace Harley, as always, clad in black, was standing there, and her eyes were filled with tears—her lips were trembling, and a holy love and joy were filling her bosom.

She had read every line of Tom's letter!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

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## Saturday Journal

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In the coming issue of this paper will be given the first chapters of a new serial romance, from the ever welcome pen of

DR. WILLIAM MASON TURNER, of Philadelphia, a writer to whom dramatic power of story and intensely vivid style have given a sure place among the writers of American fiction. In this new production the fearless author

UNVEILS THE QUAKER CITY, exhibiting to the surprised reader persons and acts in the "City of Brotherly Love" which will create a profound impression even in communities not directly associated with the scene of the story. It shows how professedly leading citizens may be

SERVANTS OF SATAN, and what horrid wiles—what detestable arts are used to entrap the unwary and to lure the innocent to ruin, in that great city of the great Keystone State. It unmasks the gilded dens where lurk the Tempter and where pine the Tempted; and gives forcible emphasis to the injunction

BEWARE OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD!

It is a serial, every chapter of which teems with excitement and feeling. It treats of

The Noble-hearted Actor, The Sad-hearted Actress,

The Devoted Woman of Faith, The Deep-dyed Villain in Broadcloth,

The Wrecked Woman of the Gilded Prison, The Fierce Giant of the Slums,

The Strange Den of Rogues, all in a narrative of unrivaled interest, of marked beauty and impressive excellence. The author regards it as one of his best—which is commendation high.

LOOK OUT FOR IT! I ordered my servant to take in the wine, and told Jimmy that I was aware of the honor it would be to him, but as I was going, this time, for pleasure, it was something which I couldn't meditate on; the weather being very warmly, gold 114 in the shade, and all the wind being in the Erie stocks. I took the opportunity of telling him that I had had an eye on him and Jagold lately, and would beg him to divide between them this little bit of advice: that people who go up in a whirlwind are very apt to come down in a calm. And that Time can not always be counted by fiskal years, nor the mixture of copper and zinc keep on a gould basis.

He bottled this up in his earie, and left, and I found his wine was good, and it didn't prevent me from starting on my trip, for I took it along. Two bottles of it induced me to get on the wrong train at the start; another put me on the right one, and made me say, "I pass" when the conductor came round. When they heard that I was aboard, people came back in a mass from the fourth car ahead; the engineer would have come but he had to watch a cow running ahead on the track. Everybody begged for the pleasure of shaking my little finger, while I was invited to accept the freedom of seventeen villas on the Hudson for the summer, but as I couldn't accept, I borrowed five hundred dollars in lieu thereof. Another bottle, which I didn't even leave the small in, took me to Saratoga, and set me down at Congress Hall, just as Saturday evening was getting shady.

Thirteen Roamin' senators begged for the honor of registering my name and blackening my boots. If small amounts to any thing, it's very little Congress-water they drink, for the scent of the roses will hang round the stall.

After supper I was escorted to the ballroom, and, as all the ladies wanted to dance with me the first set, there was a little delay, which was obviated by me taking the floor with six partners, and promising to come back for the balance. It was a round-dance. I like round-dances. I had previously taken another bottle of wine to give me the necessary motion, and I got through well, considering the room never stopped when I did, and the vast number of womanly corns I stepped on, with "No pain in the least, sir." Got very tired. Eight servants asked in one voice if they could be of any service to me. I told them none unless they could bring my room down to me, as my eyelids were heavy, whether my head was or not. A brass band was instantly brought, and I went up to my room in procession, and to bed.

"Time and tide wait for no man"—which, applied to the case of S. C. means, if you really love the young lady you'll not delay in sailing for her heart and hand. Girls are not a fickle set, by any showing that is true; they are coy and timid, and never will make the slightest advance, even though they really love you. That is their nature. So you must not take reserve to mean indifference, for it may, indeed, mean the very opposite. [See chapter, "Dame Fortune's BEADLE'S DIME LOVER'S CASEBOOK."] If the lady is sensible and good, she will meet your advances in a manner sufficiently significant for you to determine whether or not you can become her chosen.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Saratoga-ward.

It would be useless and altogether inconsistent with my principles for me to deny that I am an exceedingly popular man. That I have been a benefactor of my race nobody that believes it will deny; and I have always looked out for my own interest with a love of country which can have no parallel either in this world or Washington city. My charity is boundless. I have never seen myself hungry but I clothed myself. I have never been short of garments but I fed myself. If I was sick and cast into prison—but I won't say anything about that. I have been a father to the motherless, and a mother to the fatherless. My name is a by-word in the land; people gaze at me wherever I go, and it is needless to say everybody is taking notes of me. Napoleon presented me with the cross of the Lee John of Onar. I am a member of a Ruse-ian society whose name has all the letters of our alphabet and one or two others: a member of a young ladies' sewing society: a member of the society of Nebraries; and last, but not least, a member of my own family. Such honors have not been undeservedly won, but still I don't feel myself a great deal above others.

Honors flow in upon me unceasingly. I have been presented with complimentary tickets to all the colored shows, and varieties of others; been interviewed by reporters, and have free passes over all the plank and railroads around, not to mention the sidewalks; and am offered free lunch at all the principal watering-place hotels, regardless of appetite.

I had given notice to the world that I would start for Saratoga on day last week, whereupon Jimph Isque, Jr.—"Prince Jim," the card said—very early that morning sent up his card and begged to be allowed to follow it. After some hesitation I told my servant to remove the stair-rods and show him up. He entered very greatly agitated, but when I assured him that I was a human being and very little more of a man than he, recovered speech and said:

"Mr. Whitehorn, hearing you were about going the rounds of the summer-resorts, I come to beg to be allowed to ask the favor of being permitted to form one of your party of two, and shall hand the honor down to my grand-children written on the margin of a legal locomotive tender, with an Erie bond attached."

"I have left a box of wine at your door with which to smooth the journey, and which I pray you will accept."

I ordered my servant to take in the wine, and told Jimmy that I was aware of the honor it would be to him, but as I was going, this time, for pleasure, it was something which I couldn't meditate on; the weather being very warmly, gold 114 in the shade, and all the wind being in the Erie stocks. I took the opportunity of telling him that I had had an eye on him and Jagold lately, and would beg him to divide between them this little bit of advice: that people who go up in a whirlwind are very apt to come down in a calm. And that Time can not always be counted by fiskal years, nor the mixture of copper and zinc keep on a gould basis.

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J. K. H., Jr., writes us a "GAMP," which might do to make the girls laugh, but not for publication. The author is too young to pluck any fruit from his fancy's store; it is not ripe enough. His promise to write "a story" had better be held in abeyance—say for five years.

Got up shortly after to go down and order the box of wine taken to my room. Unfortunate mistake! coming back I got into the wrong room. Oh, how could I! why should I! Great scattement of angels in white. Stupendous screams. My head completely turned, frightened nearly to death. Started out through the wardrobe door—couldn't make it—turned and rushed headlong through a large mirror—bamfied—another run—feet in hoop-skirts, plunge under a bed, and fortunately remembered nothing else until I woke up in the same room alone next morning; when, not having my full suit of clothes with me, I put on a dressing-gown lying there and went to breakfast, when I discovered the gown was a lady's calico dress, and left the table with animation, and took another bottle, and then proceeded to pull my head off with a rifled piece of ordnance, they call a boot-jack.

Went out and halted the finest kind of a turn-out on the street, and jumped in. "Driver, take me around," said I, "and don't be stingy about the speed." The driver, who had a fine liver, illustrated with much gold chain, turned round and asked me if I was aware who he was or might be; told him I was in blissful ignorance of it. He gave me his card. John Morris—he was the driver, shook hands with him; handed him my handkerchief with my name on it. He was struck dumb; shook hands again and away we went. The wrong vehicle proved to be the right one that time, and he made me promise to call on him the next day, which I did, and am sorry to say I went to the wrong place that time, for I left there neglecting to bring what little money I took, and for the balance I gave my note.

Went to church; took fine pew—female family filed into pew behind me—subdued whispering—old fool—shameful—think of it. Break his neck with parson—miserable sinner—knock head off with hymn-book, and other manifestations of Christian humility. Felt something very hot on my head—burning glances. Turned round—received several angelic looks of profound hate—began to realize that I was in the wrong pew, but with a magnanimity worthy of Diogenes I stayed there—heard about as much of the sermon as anybody did, and leaving gave that female family my handkerchief, and dined with them the next day.

One bottle of the wine got me into a fuss in the billiard-room next evening, but I cleaned them all out; at least when I woke up on the billiard-table at twelve o'clock there was nobody in sight, and the last bottle persuaded me to stop and take some soda-water.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT IT.

I.

Reverend and suspected Asaphium Borax, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: In response to your earnest request, not accompanied by the cash, I hasten to communicate to you a few of my interesting experiments in horticulture. They are simple enough to be understood by the merest tyro (no allusion to yourself) and I may add without vanity, are as wonderful as they are credible.

In cucumbers I have effected a great improvement. Not doubtting that they were originally called cow-cucumbers, and knowing the transformations that have been produced in the vegetable world during so many ages, I naturally concluded that they must be in some way related to the domestic animal that supplies our lacteal fluid. The only question was, how to restore that relation.

Some illustrious experimentists have accomplished a good deal by hybridization. I accomplish a greater dealer by inoculation. I inoculated a cow-cucumber vine with some "truck" taken from theudder of a cow. What is the result? My little cow-cucumbers all cry "Ma-a-a" when I go into the garden, and evince a propensity to suck my fingers. I cut open a large one the other day, and found it as full of milk as any cocoanut. The big wind the other night roiled them about considerably, and in each of the ripe ones keep four ounces of excellent butter.

I have succeeded even more brilliantly with my watermelons, by the way; I grow them in my ice-house, so that I always have them cool. The only objection I ever had to them was the water, and I remember your once mentioning to me, when you had just finished eating one of my ninety-five pound melons, that it would be an excellent thing if a little whisky could be mixed with that water. I procured a hog-head of still-house beer, with which I "watered" my plants morning and evening. The result is a melon full of a cool, delicious, refreshing and stimulating "beverage," which, like the apple-toddy of olden time, pleasantly and cheaply combines eating and drinking. The only drawback to this discovery is, that I have been compelled to invest largely in revenue stamps, and to pay five dollars a day to a United States inspector, who sleeps among the melon-vines. It is some consolation to know that I find him in such a condition every morning, that I am always able to extract from his pockets the wages of the previous day.

Without doubt clover is a great fertilizer. After reading in that romantic periodical issued by the Department of Agriculture, that the roots of clover sometimes attain a length of three and a half feet, I knew that if those blockheads could find out so much, I could find out a great deal more.

A person desirous of a true friend, will try him first before he calls him his friend, or accepts him as his friend; and when he has tried him and found him perfect, then he will slowly and gradually accept and trust him as a friend.

With the aid of the biggest bore in the neighborhood, I followed the root of one of my clover-plants, until it came out in China, where I discovered that an enterprising Celestial had grafted a tea-plant upon it. My wife had noticed, all through the summer, that the milk of the cow that runs in that pasture had had a strong taste of tea. When I get a plow that will turn up the entire roots of that clover-field, it will be so rich that the whole income tax may be collected from it.

By careful hybridization and inoculation, I have succeeded in forcing one of my pear-trees to produce squashes, blue-tailed flies and fresh-laid eggs. My pears, too, are always twins.

I have been an advocate of deep plowing ever since I learned to play mumble-the-pegs. Late I have begun to favor deep planting. To give the plan a fair trial, I planted some pumpkin-seeds over the right side of my garden, and put them in sixteen feet deep. I watched them, to see how and where they would come up. To my great surprise, every seed that was planted over the right side of the garden came up over the left.

M. T. HEAD.

## AMERICAN HOMES A FAILURE.

DAY by day the trials and troubles of housekeeping increase, until the cry from city and country, alike, is: "What are we to do for help?" Housewives are breaking down in health; households are miserable; everybody is dissatisfied. Where "help" is secured, it is at the sacrifice of economy, and much to the restriction of the independence of the household.

Fathers grumble; mothers are worried,

daughters are freethinkers. No longer the old

time happiness beams from happy, health-

ful faces, when Sabbath day comes.

The minister sees before him a congregation

of anxious-browed people—a weary, care-

worn audience, whose life is a daily strug-

gle to maintain its position and to dis-

charge its inevitable duties. Homes are

no longer sanctuaries of peace and comfort,

but are so many rooms to be cared for, so

many mouths to feed, so many customs to be observed.

Now is there any prospect of a change for the better. One of our great intelligence offices reports a decrease in 1870 of fully thirty-three per cent in the number of those wanting places as house-servants, while those

who seek for help are increasing.

W. H. MORSE.

A WARM SUMMER EVENING IN JULY.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

THE WINTER'S DAY.

BY AGILE PENNE.

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bation broke from the little crowd of people that had collected around the girl, attracted by the music.

"That's bully, sis!" ejaculated a stout, short-haired individual, a good representative of the class known as Bowery boys.

"Here's a stamp for yer," and he put a ten cent scrip into her hand. Others of the crowd followed his example.

"Say, sis, give us 'Shoo Fly, won't ye?'" said the Bowery boy, who kept time with his hands to the air and joined audibly in the chorus.

"That's just high!" he exclaimed, after she had finished, and he put another ten cent stamp into her hands. The crowd again followed his example. With a low "thank you" the girl took the money and rose to depart. The crowd, seeing that the fun was over, went on their several ways, all excepting a tall, handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, who had joined the little knot of people collected around the girl just as she was singing the last refrain of the celebrated "Shoo Fly."

### The Doctor's Patient.

#### A STORY OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Rap, rap, rap.

The summons roused the young doctor from his reverie, and he rose from the armchair. As he did so he glanced at the little clock that ticked away on the mantle, and noted the hour. It was half-past twelve—midnight!

"I thought some one would come before morning," he murmured; "I hope the sufferer does not live far away, for I am tired almost to death. I thought the day would never end; but at last night came but to increase my toils. Oh, this is a terrible time for the poor Crescent City, and, as yet, the scourge does not abate."

As he spoke, he busied himself with donning the coat he had tossed upon his couch when he returned from his last visit.

Rap, rap, rap, again.

The case must be a critical one," he exclaimed, and a moment later he was flying down the stairs to the front door of the doctor's house.

He quickly threw it open, and confronted a little girl about nine years of age.

"Well, my child?"

"Be you Doctor Leslie?" she asked, trying

to speak in a clear, distinct voice.

The touch of his fingers seemed to send a

shock through her frame.

"It is she!" he cried, in a tone of conviction. "What can she mean by treating me this way? She must have recognized me; but, perhaps not. She may have thought me a stranger, and that I intended to insult her. I will follow her at once. Great heavens, what can have reduced her to this terrible extremity?"

Then, with hasty strides, he followed in the footsteps of the woman.

He overtook her on the corner of Broome street.

"Lena!" he cried, "do you not know me?"

Perceiving that he was determined to cost her, she halted.

"Yes, I do know you, Lucien Granger—know you to my sorrow," she replied, bitterly.

The young man stared in astonishment. He could not comprehend the meaning of this strange speech.

"Lena, are you out of your senses?" he asked, in amazement. "What is the meaning of this? I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the tones of your voice tonight. You singing for money in the streets of New York?"

"Yes, and you dared to offer me money?" cried the girl, indignantly. "I would rather starve than touch one penny that came from you."

"There is some grave misunderstanding here," said Lucien, who could not guess a reason for the strange words of the street singer. "But, this is no place to talk. Have you a home?"

"Yes, such as it is," answered the girl; "but the poor—the starving—can not be particular; they must take what they can get."

"Take me to your home then. There must be an understanding between us. I am willing to forgive the wrong that you have done me."

"I wrong you!" cried the girl, indignantly.

"I would rather say the wrong that you have done me."

"Again I say, there is some strange misunderstanding here!" exclaimed Lucien. "All I ask is a few minutes of your time to explain my actions, which I can do, clearly and fully. I hope you may be able to do the same."

"I will give you the chance," said the girl, quickly. "Come with me and see the refuge to which your cruelty has driven your wife and child."

Without a word, Lucien followed the girl.

She led the way to a tenement-house in Mott street—a house situated in the rear of another—access to it being had through a small and dirty alleyway.

To a small room on the very top of the house the girl led the young man.

She lit a candle. The infant she placed carefully on the wretched little bed that was made up on the bare floor.

The young man looked around upon the dirty wall, carpetless floor and scanty furniture with horror.

"This your home?" he cried.

"Yes, the home which my love for you has given me," she answered, bitterly.

"You speak in riddles. Tell me how I have ever wronged you."

"I will," she answered. "You came to Palatine Bridge, found me a happy girl, living with my parents. You won my love, and made me your wife secretly, for you said you feared the anger of your wealthy father. You took me to Albany, left me there, while you went to New York to break the knowledge of your marriage to your father. You left me in charge of your friend, Charles Harding. Three days after you left me he said that you had written to him to bring me to New York; so I came with him. Here his conscience smote him, and he told me the truth—that my marriage was a false one, and that you had deserted me. Then he dared to offer me his protection. I spurned him; earned my bread by

my needle, for I did not dare to return to my father's house, a guilty thing. Then my baby was born. My health was poor. I could not sew, and I have sung in the street that it might live."

"Oh, Lena!" cried Lucien, impulsively, "we have both been the dupes of a villain. This man came to me and said that you had fled with a notorious blackleg from Albany. Struck to the heart by the blow—for I believed him—after a fruitless search for you, I went to Europe, hoping to find consolation in travel. I have just returned. Heaven has given you to my arms again. Lena, do you believe me?"

With a cry of joy the girl threw herself into the arms of her husband.

After a long night of sorrow, the light had come.

Lucien's father in the interim had died, and he was free to act his own pleasure.

Few would recognize in the wife of the wealthy Lucien Granger, Lena, the Street Singer.

"Of course I will, doctor. I hope she has not got the cholera; but Gratz says she has."

"Curse Gratz and his learning!" cried Oscar, for the woman made no movement. "Is she in one of the upper rooms?" And he put his foot on the first step of the stairs.

"Yes; the first door to the right. You can find it. I wouldn't go up for a farm. I don't want the cholera." Gratz is careless; I've been telling him that!"

"He ought to have the cholera," finished Oscar, as he sprang up the stairs, leaving the woman to complete her sentence to her death.

Reaching the head of the stairs, the young doctor stepped on tiptoe to the "first door to the right." Then he listened and heard the quick respiration of a person within the room.

"I believe she sleeps very lightly, he murmured, as he pressed the latch, and pushed the door open as noiselessly as possible.

He stepped across the threshold, and entered a small and very poorly-ventilated room, dimly lighted by a small lamp.

The articles of furniture were few, and consisted of a bureau, wash-stand, writing-desk, a bed, and two chairs.

A glance at the bed told him that it was occupied, and, treading lightly, he advanced to it.

Before him lay his strange patient in a fitful slumber. He did not disturb her, but quietly gazed upon the formidable throats of the disease laid already made.

Her face was very beautiful, and, as he gazed upon it, an angelic expression enthroned itself there. One of the patient's arms hung at the side of the bed, and Oscar gently felt her pulse. It was quite feeble, and he saw that the dreadful collapse was not far distant.

The touch of his fingers seemed to send a

shock through her frame.

"Well, my child?"

"Be you Doctor Leslie?" she asked, trying

to speak in a clear, distinct voice.

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jumped to his feet, and dealt blows right and left.

But the robbers were not disposed to relinquish their prey. They saw that Paul had no weapons, and taking courage, they rushed upon him with their knives, pressing him hard. He fought desperately, and might have conquered eventually; but a fourth person appeared unexpectedly, and the click of his pistol sent the robbers off in a hurry.

"Upon my soul, you stoned them a good fight," said Charles Matthews. "Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least, thanks to you," said Paul. "I owe you my life."

"I am not so sure of that," said the banker, with a smile. "You would have whipped the curs, but without some ugly cuts, perhaps; so I will take all the credit that is due. My name is Charles Matthews."

"Mine is Paul Rodney. I was on my way to Willhampton, and these rascals fell upon me while I was asleep."

"Willhampton is my home, Mr. Rodney. I have a carriage in the road, and why not make the rest of your journey with me?"

"With pleasure," said Paul, frankly. "How far to Willhampton?" asked Paul, after they were seated in the carriage.

"But a few miles now. We shall be there in two hours or less."

"So near! I should have kept on."

"Then you really intended to make a night of it?" asked the banker, with an amused smile.

"I certainly should, Mr. Matthews, if I had not been disturbed."

"If I had been in your situation," said the banker, laughingly, "I should think the prowling thieves for waking me, though I can not say that I particularly admire the mode!"

Paul laughed good-humoredly.

"I assure you, Mr. Matthews, that I never slept better. I have passed many a night in worse places."

"You must have seen something of the rough side of life, Mr. Rodney."

"More than I hope to again," said Paul, earnestly.

"If not painful to you, I shall be pleased to listen to an account of some of your adventures," said Mr. Matthews, quite charmed with the young man's manner.

Paul readily complied, giving a cursory sketch of his life, and taking no credit for acts of real heroism.

Mr. Matthews was interested.

"Thank you, Mr. Rodney. I have derived much pleasure. Your errand here reminds me that I have a story."

Thereupon the banker related the facts of Mrs. Morehouse's strange disappearance, and of the finding of Meta. Paul listened in wonder.

"There is an air of romance about this Meta that pleases me," said Paul.

"You are not alone, Mr. Rodney; and I predict more interest yet when you see her."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"Beyond compare," replied the banker, enthusiastically. "She is my pride and my pet. I never before saw a woman in whom were combined such beauty and grace. And she is accomplished, as well."

"You interest me more and more," said Paul, "but I must not lose sight of my duty. Has nothing been heard of the widow Morehouse?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then my search is but just commenced," said Paul, wearily.

"On the contrary, I think it is ended for the present," said the banker. "It will be useless to attempt to find Mrs. Morehouse. There is a detective working at the case, but he has not yet determined, to a certainty, whether the lady was carried away, or went of her own free will. If he, a man bred to the business, is puzzled, what can you hope?"

"Very true," said Paul, thoughtfully; "yet I feel that something ought to be done. Advise me, Mr. Matthews, for I need it."

"The proper course, as it seems to me," said Mr. Matthews, "is to place the money where it will draw interest, find some employment for yourself, and wait at least until the detective gives up the case or finds the lady. What think you?"

"I rely upon your judgment," replied Paul; "and I can see no better way to act."

"I am in the banking business," continued Mr. Matthews, "and I will take the money if you wish. I have already a small balance in Mrs. Morehouse's favor. And I will give you employment, Mr. Rodney. I shall have a vacancy at the bank next week."

"But I have no references, Mr. Matthews," said Paul, much surprised.

"I ask none but those you have already given me, Mr. Rodney. I feel sure that I shall not find my confidence misplaced."

"Thank you, Mr. Matthews," said Paul, with considerable feeling. "It has troubled me more than a little to know what I should find to do."

"Then we will consider that matter settled, Mr. Rodney. You will make my house your home while you are with me, which I hope will be a long time."

"I shall strive to do my duty in whatever capacity I am placed," said Paul.

"I feel sure of it, Mr. Rodney. Here we are at home."

#### CHAPTER IX. A SCOWL-SHADOW.

relieving him of Mrs. Matthews, and boldly striking out for shore. "Follow me if you can! At all events keep the lady's head above water. I will return soon."

As is often the case, there was not a boat within reach, and the people collected on the shore were passive spectators. Paul, however, was equal to the task. He needed no help. His Herculean strength, united with a perfect knowledge of the art of swimming, took him safely to the beach with his helpless burden. Scarcely feeling the exertion, he was ready to plunge again.

George was struggling heroically, but he was too nearly exhausted to make any progress. Paul's welcome face again appeared, and soon he was on the return, with Meta in his care.

George, relieved of the dead weight, now kept up with Paul, and together they reached the land in safety.

Paul shook the sea-water from his hair, and, with a smile, took the other's outstretched hand.

"An unexpected bath, Mr. Matthews, but I really feel the better for it. How are the ladies?"

"As well as ever, thank you, Paul," said the banker's wife.

"Why, my dear madam, you were not one of them?" exclaimed Paul, surprised exceedingly. "I never even looked at your faces."

"I must say I like that," said Meta, who overheard his last remark. "Who ever heard of such a thing! It is too bad!"

And she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"I shall never be guilty of such negligence again," said Paul, with an earnest look, and a smile that seemed to light up his whole being.

"See that you do not, sir," said Meta, gayly. Then, in a more serious tone, she said:

"I thank you, Mr. Rodney, for my life."

"And I thank God that I was placed near to be of service to you," said Paul, fervently.

George stood but a few steps from them, silent and moody. The shadow of Paul's presence was already falling about him.

Paul guessed something of his thoughts, and felt pained that he had been the cause.

"Come, George," said he, pleasantly, "the ladies are waiting to thank you for your bravery. Had it not been for your presence of mind, at the time of the mishap, I fear that we should not have been blessed with this happy termination."

"Yes, George," said his aunt; "we owe our safety equally to you and Mr. Rodney."

And Meta softened a little as she thanked him.

The carriage was waiting, and the party got in and were driven home.

#### CHAPTER X. THE HOUND OF FATE.

FLEEING through the night-solitude, fleeing from a danger that she knew not of, fleeing from a wily foe that should have been a dear friend, fleeing from the misery of a broken heart, Ella Martin kept on.

There was but one settled purpose in view: to escape the sight of Henry's perfidy, and her sister's treachery. There was no anger in her heart for either; only a deepening grief that goaded her on, unmindful of results.

She scarcely thought of the wrong she was doing her father; but, as the soft night-air cooled her throbbing temples, she grew more calm, and looked less excitedly upon the situation. She would have turned back then rather than bring sorrow upon her poor father, but she heard the deep baying of Dora's avenger tracking his prey.

"The bloodhound is on my track!" she whispered, with white lips. "He will tear me in pieces! Oh, they might have spared me this! It is Dora—it is my sister! God pity her—and me!"

She was paralyzed with horror for a moment. Then she ran wildly on to escape the horrible death.

Beyond, through the trees, she could see the silver surface of the lake, lighted by the rays of the moon which was well up in the heavens.

"There is safety," she thought. "There is happiness—there is rest—eternal rest, if I can but reach it!"

The hound's deep baying was growing more and more distinct, spurring her to renewed exertion.

"Oh, mercy, I shall not escape!" she cried; "he is almost here!"

Yet she kept on.

The water was right before her—a haven of rest. A few short moments and she would be safe.

"Oh, my God! I hear the footsteps in the leaves!" she wailed, in despair. "He will overtake me! Oh, what a death! Oh, Henry! Oh, Dora! Oh, father! don't you hear me call?"

The hound saw Ella, and raising his head from the ground, he gave a yell of satisfaction, and bounded toward her.

She heard him, and with a short prayer for mercy, she made one more effort to reach the water. There was but a step to the verge of the jutting rock—but a step into eternity. But even that was preferable to the fate behind her. How she shuddered at the thought of the growling and snarling, and the gnashing of teeth.

For a second she hesitated ere she took

the death-leap; and, in that brief time, the sleuth-hound cleared the space between, and with a bound bore her to the ground.

#### CHAPTER XI. PLAYING WITH FIRE.

In the gray of the morning Dora saw her father and Henry Vinton returning from their search. She felt no qualms of conscience when she saw that Ella was not with them; in place of sorrow, she felt joy. The life that she should have cherished, she had offered upon the altar of her ambition.

She hastened down to meet them.

"Go tell her, Henry," said the despairing father. "Oh, my poor child!"

Henry rode up to where Dora was waiting for them, and alighted.

"We have not found her, Dora."

His tone was one of utter hopelessness, and Dora read it.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, for they seemed always at command. "My darling sister! Where can she be? What did she mean? Oh, I never can forgive myself! yet I could not give you up, Henry."

During that night-ride, Henry Vinton had been reviewing his life for the few months just passed, and the record was unsatisfactory. He resolved that, whatever might come, he would no more perjure his soul by such conduct, unworthy of a man. The loss of Ella opened his eyes to the fact that she was all in all to him, and Dora nothing. Dora, with all her beauty, couldn't fill the void in his heart. Her dazzling brilliancy might, for a time, obscure that true passion which he felt for Ella, but only for a brief space. This knowledge, showing him how culpable had been his actions, determined his true course.

"Dora," said he, looking down into her lustrous eyes with a steady gaze that told her the worst was coming, "I have wronged you and your sister, and this night's work has shown me the path that I must take to make the only reparation within my power. I have long loved your sister, but your beauty and your kindness to my father have sometimes led me from Ella's side to your own. Yet all the while I was at heart true to Ella. I never can return that love which you have confessed for me. Deeply as it may pain you to hear, and me to say it, yet believe that you will thank me for it."

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## The Double Escape.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

FROM childhood Harvey Merrill had shown a fondness for adventure, which, as he grew older, developed into a strong desire for a sea life.

Physically, as well as by inclination, he was fitted for a sailor.

A little above the medium height, he was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, thin in the flanks, with strong, flexible limbs, which had often enabled him, during his boyish sports, to venture where few had dared to follow.

His father being a man of influence, finally procured him a midshipman's warrant aboard the sloop-of-war Phenix, of Boston, in which vessel, after performing two cruises, he returned to his native city, with the promise of promotion from the captain by whom he was much liked.

The youth was now nearly twenty years of age, although his brown cheek, well-developed figure and air, made him seem a few years older. His neat uniform became him well, and as some young ladies are influenced by a man's attire and its effects, many who, in his younger days, had not noticed him particularly, now bestowed upon him those soft glances of interest, which, from time immemorial, have played such mischief with the masculine heart.

Harvey, however, while polite to them all, remained indifferent until there appeared among them a little brunette of seventeen with a round face and form, and soft, dark eyes, which she would turn up in a peculiarly tender way at him, from under her arched brows.

He fancied himself deeply in love with her. The consequences was that before he had sailed on his next voyage, each had "plighted faith"—swearing by the stars to remain true.

Harvey went to sea, believing himself the happiest of men, and not a little proud in the idea that, as much as Clara Morn (her name) had seen of society, he was the first man who had awakened the passion of love in that gentle heart.

In fact, the consciousness of this increased almost to conceit the self-esteem of this youth, who had hitherto been remarked for his modesty.

"She loves me so," he would think to himself, "that it would kill her were she to lose me."

The next moment, with a sob, she had darted off.

"She was right," thought Harvey;

"poor Clara would die were I to marry another!"

He returned to the sloop, feeling that his hopes in this world were ruined forever.

A year later the Phenix anchored in Boston Harbor. Passing through the street, thinking to himself what a miserable man he was, and asking himself if it would be right for him to make poor Clara still believe he loved her, he saw a lady and gentleman moving along, arm-in-arm, on the other side of the way. The lady was Clara—and the gentleman, as he learned on reaching his father's, was—her husband!

He was a millionaire, and for that reason Clara had broken her faith with Harvey, who now breathed a deep sigh of relief, although it must be acknowledged that his self-esteem received a blow.

Christina's image remained in his heart.

Two years later he went to Norway, and found her still single.

Poor child; her was a different nature from Clara's. She could never take up with another, although tempting offers had been made her.

Meanwhile Oirof had gone away and been drowned at sea.

Harvey straightway made Christina happy by marrying her, and taking her with him to America.

Every kindness was shown to the sufferers, so that Christina—the name of the girl—rapidly recovered, her bloom. Such beauty as hers was indeed rare. Tall, lithe and light-haired, she reminded Harvey of one of those pictures of the Scandinavian queens which he had once seen among a collection of old paintings. Gentle and humble, she was the very opposite of Clara, and yet, ere long, Harvey felt sure he loved her best. The opportunities for conversing with her were many, and Harvey found his heart enthrall'd by the fair Norwegian, whose sweet, broken English, joined to her purity and naivete, were irresistible.

He did not fail to notice that Oirof, her father's mate, would watch her and him with sour aspect, the reason of which he soon ascertained to be that the former wanted her for a wife.

Had Harvey a right to try to win Christina's affections, after he had plighted faith with another?

Certainly not; so he kept apart from her. The consequence was that the girl grew sad. Her father questioned her. With the naivete and childish confidence natural to the Norwegian damsel, this one then frankly acknowledged to her father that she loved Harvey.

"And so you do not care for Oirof?"

"I never told him I did. He wanted me, and you wanted me to live him. I thought it was all right, until I saw that other!"

To Oirof the father related this. The mate made no response, but his moodily brow boded no good.

Finally the sloop-of-war, which was bound for the Arctic, put into a bay, not far from the Lofoten Islands, for repairs. The homes of the Norwegian castaways were but a few miles from here, which was one reason why the sloop's captain had preferred going into this bay, instead of one further to the south.

Harvey's resolution to keep away from Christina told upon him. He grew pale and thin.

One evening, at about dusk, he was wandering moodily along the sea-shore, within sight of her house—a little stone house, with a red-tiled roof—when he was set upon by three men, one of whom he at once recognized as Oirof. They threw him down, and fastening him with ropes to the fragment of an old skiff, they set him adrift, with the current rushing along toward the dangerous Maelstrom.

"There!" screamed Oirof, "go to your fate, and leave me to win my bride!"

So saying, he vanished behind the rocks with his companions.

Meanwhile there was the current drawing Harvey nearer and nearer to the mad vortex. He could hear it more distinct every moment, could see the lightning-like flash of the white waters as they circled round and round in one great tremendous mass. His fate seemed inevitable; he would be dashed to pieces against the rocks of the storm before being drawn under!

A brief, silent prayer rose from his heart. His speed was now so great that his brain grew dizzy, and he could scarcely think.

Nearer and nearer to the vortex. It was sounding the knell of his doom—he must perish!

"But who is that who now darts in a skiff from round the angle of a near rock?

It is a woman! Even in that faint light he recognizes Christina!

She sweeps alongside of him. She helps him into the skiff.

What of that? Can she resist the fearful current?

She does so; one end of her skiff is by a net-rope attached to a spur of the rock round which she came. Upon this rope she pulls the boat to the rocky strand. Harvey is saved. The explanation was brief. Afloat in her father's fisher skiff, she had seen the young man set adrift by his enemies, and had thus been able to make ready for his rescue.

"Better you had let me go," said Harvey, sadly, and there and then he told her of the one to whom he had plighted faith.

The tall, queenly figure drooped like a lily; the whole frame trembling showed how deep was the girl's suffering.

She took him ashore, within reach of his sloop which was to sail the next morning.

"Go!" she said. "You must keep your word with the American girl!"

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haughty than himself, had been an invalid for years, and he had emigrated to Florida from Virginia expecting the climate of the peninsular State to restore her to wonted health and strength. "The Colonel," as he was called, was childless; but, Ida Clafin, an orphan and his niece, supplied a daughter's place.

"With this perhaps necessary digression, let us resume the thread of our story."

The last word had scarcely left Ida's lips, when Wicoochee replied:

"Wicoochee has something to say to the colonel's niece. But he will not say it here. Yonder, and he pointed to a forest which bordered the eastern edge of the savanna, is a spot where Wicoochee will speak."

"Where?" inquired the girl, who did not fully understand the chief.

"In the wood, by the spring."

Ida knew the designated spot.

"Why can you not speak here? Wicoochee?" she asked, fearing that something evil lurked at the bottom of the chief's intentions.

"Because a Seminole might see us," was the strange reply—strange to Ida, who, as yet, knew naught about the unearthly use of the hatchet. "White Bird need not fear to enter the forest with Wicoochee, for no harm shall come to her. By the Great Spirit the Seminole swears it."

Then Ida thought that the Indian had a truly important communication to deliver, and she told him that she would hesitate no longer.

Wicoochee smiled and assisted the two girls to mount one of the horses. Then he mounted the other himself, and rapidly they galloped across the savanna toward the timber.

Presently they entered it, when their horses' gait dwindled into a walk. In a short time a shallow stream was crossed, and the trio alighted at the foot of a majestic tree. The animals were allowed to stand in the water and quench their thirst.

"Now, Wicoochee, we are at the spring. Please tell me why I was summoned into your presence?"

"Wicoochee will speak now," said the chief, after looking scrutinizingly around. "The Seminoles have unearthed the hatchet, and to-night inaugurate a bloody war."

The maiden's cheeks slightly paled, for she thought of her own and her relatives' helpless condition.

"Yes, a bloody war is at hand," reiterated the chief, wishing to fasten the declaration upon the mind of his startled auditor.

"The first blow is to be struck to-night, and the lodge among the golden-fruited trees must feed the flames?"

The terrified maiden looked into the Seminole's face, and then, as if suddenly comprehending the meaning of his words, uttered a shriek and fell senseless at his feet.

In a moment Wananee was at Ida's side, and she held the poor girl's hands while Wicoochee bathed her face with clear, cold water, which bubbled musically from a spring at the foot of the tree.

Presently she recovered, and Wananee assisted her to a sitting position. She did not speak, but, with bowed head, thought of the terrible blow that had sent her to the earth.

"Will not White Bird have a drink?" asked Wicoochee, filling a rude wooden cup with water from the spring.

His voice recalled Ida from the past to the present, and, turning, she cast herself at his feet.

"Oh, Wicoochee," she pleaded, "let not the blow fall upon them! I know that it is in your power to save them, and oh! will you not do it?"

A shade of sadness crossed Wicoochee's face, and he looked pityingly upon the pleading girl.

"Wicoochee can not save all," he said, "for if he did, he could not strike the white aggressors. His tribe would slay him, and they need his arm in the coming war. But Wicoochee can save one of the colonel's family, and that one is before him."

Ida buried her face in her hands, and wept undisturbed over the coming fate of her relatives. Wicoochee and Wananee looked on without exchanging a word.

When the grief-stricken girl raised her head, Wicoochee touched her arm.

"There is a place in this wood, where White Bird can live till her lover comes," he said. "Wicoochee discovered it when he was hunting, a long time ago. There Wananee can visit White Bird and cheer her. Let us go to the hiding-place."

The chief rose and caught the horses. He led them from the stream, and again assisted the girls to mount. Poor Ida scarcely realized that she was being borne away; her brain was in a whirl, and she thought only of her relatives.

At last Wicoochee drew rein at the base of a large mound in the center of the forest. Its sides were covered with a growth of underwood, and fallen trees. He led Ida toward the summit, and Wananee followed. Suddenly they stood before the dark mouth of an opening leading into the mound. They were compelled to stoop to enter, and after descending a dozen artificial steps, they paused in a large apartment whose somberness was relieved by a torch. The natural floor was covered with skins, and the walls were beautifully decorated with the feathers of king vultures and other birds of gorgeous plumage.

"Wicoochee made the steps," said the Indian, and placed the skins and feathers in their present places. This is White Bird's home till her lover comes. He may be here to-morrow."

Ida looked at the Seminole, lost in amazement. How did he know that Rodney Ellington was expected at the plantation?

"Wicoochee—Just then the torch fell to the ground and was extinguished.

When Wananee rejoiced at it, Wicoochee was gone!

It was the night succeeding the day freighted with the events related above.

A young man stood in the soft moonlight, and gazed upon the still smoking ruins of Arnold Greycliffe's property.

He knew that the Seminoles had been there, and that the deeds which had been enacted, inaugurated a war.

Suddenly he started and looked wildly around, for some person had spoken his name—Rodney Ellington.

But not a human form met his gaze, and the almost palpable silence that followed was broken by the same voice:

"Rodney Ellington, the hatchet has been unearthed."

He turned toward the sound, and beheld a tall, inimical savage gazing at him. The red-skin seemed to have risen from the ground.

The young man recognized him and stepped to his side. The Seminole extended his

hand, but Rodney drew back and pointed to the work of the red demons.

"She is not among them," spoke the Indian. "Wicoochee would have saved all; but he could save only one."

Then Ellington grasped the chief's brown hand.

"Rodney Ellington, you saved Wicoochee from the jaws of the alligator, and Wicoochee has saved the White Bird."

"Who is she?"

"Come."

They left the desolate spot, and near the dawn of day reached the mound.

Within it the lover clasped Ida to his bosom, and kissed her pale cheek.

She was saved. Wicoochee had become a traitor to pay a debt of gratitude. The next day he guided the lovers to a spot within sight of Fort King, where he left them.

They entered the fort in which Ida resided till the close of the Seminole war.

Throughout the conflict Rodney Ellington and Wicoochee fought bravely, but on opposite sides. They never met on the field of battle, nor after the war closed.

The heroine of our story is now the much respected wife of Rodney Ellington, the retired banker; and she often relates to Wicoochee the Seminole, who sleeps in the land he loved. Linda Florida, the land of flowers.

### Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Joe Logstone and the Grizzly.

"Missed him, by all that's wonderful!"

I heard him, as the deer bounded off in the chapparal, and old Joe Logstone slowly lowered his rifle from his face with a look of extreme mortification.

"No, lad," replied the old hunter; "I not edzackly missed the creature, but it ar just as bad, fer I ought to a thrown him in his tracks."

"Thet buck ar got my ball, ye kin stop on't, an' ar won't travel fur; but, ah's a-me! hyar's what's the matter, boyee!"

and Joe laid his left hand upon the elbow of the right arm.

"Why, how is that, Joe?" I asked, suspecting that there was an adventure connected therewith. In fact I knew there was, having heard other trappers tell of how the hunter had nearly lost his arm in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with a grizzly.

"Well, lad, the story ar a short one, but I

It war too late now to whine over what war already did, an' so I sat about doin' the next best thing, an' thet war to drop one uv the imps right plum in his tracks.

The shot made the balance take cover, an' I seed a openin' fer a rush, an' ye kin bet I made it. After they knew d what war up I war through 'em, pullin' out like a scart goat up the side uv the mountain.

"The race war a long an' a hard one, boyee; an' I seed by mby that the Injins war, a goin' to, outwind me, an' so I began lookin' around fer a place to cache. I could hear the imps on my trail, but thar warn't none uv 'em in sight.

"It war n't long afore I spied the place I war in search ny, a smart chance uv a cave in the cliff, an' into it I went head, fast, nearly buttin' my brains out ag'in a cussed rock that hung down from the top. The next minnit I heard the varmints yellin' over me, an' thought thet they hed treid me, but they hed, an' purty soon thar screeches war lost in the distance as they kept on along the side uv the mount'in, followin' my trail—ha ha!"

"But, lad," and the old hunter made a grimace, "it war nip an' tuck, as it turned out, whether it wouldn't be better to face the Utes an' fit it out in the open daylight, an' with plenty uv fresh air."

"I know'd the imps id'son find out thar mistake an' put back on that own trail, an' so I perced on a kind uv y'ge uv diskey back into the hole. As I sed, it war a right smart chance uv a place, an' I reckin' mebbe I went as fur as a hundred or more yards back ards after I war brought up all standin' by the darnedest savagest growl thet ever I heard in more'n thirty years in the mount'in an' an' peraries."

I know'd it in a minnit. I hed heard Ole Eph talk too often not to be satin it war him, an' I tell ye, boyee, my heart jest stopped clunk off, an' I felt thar shaky in the knees thet I hed to lean up ag'in the side uv the cave to keep on my pins at all.

"It ain't no joke, lad, to meet a grizzly on the open perahs with a rifle in yer hands, an' plenty uv daylight to look through the sights. But, fer tackle one uv 'em in a narrer cave, what thar is as dark as a stack uv black cats in a cellar 'thout a winder, ar a serous matter, an' no mistake."

"Wagh! it makes me sick at the stummin' ter think uv that tussel."

"It warn't long comin' ole Eph, warn't an' the way he did kin at me war with a rush an' a growl thet made the very rocks shake. Ye see the ole cuss hed been asleep fer two or three weeks, or mobbe more, an' he war savagous. I know'd the rifle warn't no good, fer it warn't loaded. Ye remember I hed throwed one uv the Utes an' so I dropped her, an' took to my knife.

"Take my word fer it, boyee, the knife, ef it ar a good 'un, an' has a proper kind uv edge onto it, ar the best weapon yet in a close hug or a ground-scuffle. Never, let go, yer knife, boyee, no matter what's up or what's down.

"As the b'ar struck at me, I lunged out, an' felt the steel slip in between the varmint's ribs, but jest as I expected, it only made him mad, don't often git intew by himself. No not often, by no means."

"Me an' Jim Curtis—you know Jim—he'd been winterin' up on Salmon river, above Mountain lake, an' as game war plenty we hed laid by a sing' lot uv pcts, by time to start over to Sutter's fort, what the traders war."

"The Injins hed been sca'ce an' hed troubled us but little, so ye see we got kinda bold like, an' warn't as sarcumspicuous as we hed ought to a been, an' when thet kin to break up camp, Jim says as how it war better that only one uv us sh'd go, an' the end uv the matter war thet he went with the pcts, an' I staid behind to watch the plunder an' be ready fer another war trappin' when he got back."

"The next minnit he hed me in his grip, an' I heard the bones a-crackin' an' scrunchin' in my shoulder, whin he hed fastened his ugly teeth."

"I kep' my right arm free—ye must allers do that, lad—an' ye kin lay high that it warn't idle."

"Ery time I struck, an' it war often, I druv her in up to the bone handle, an' turned an' twisted the blade as I drew it ouv the cut."

"Human natur' couldn't long stand what the b'ar war a-givin' me, an' b'ar-natur' couldn't hold out under what I war a-givin' him. We both begin ter weaken, an' purty soon we fel, side by side, kinder dog-fall, ye know, an' fit away down on the hard rocks that floored the cave."

"I suffered powerful, fer the beast had chawd an' tore me up awful, an' though he war n't good, fer it warn't loaded, I had n't many ball left for him, so I tried to scream him off, but it weren't no manner of use; the infernal critter sat there on his hams, howlin' fur reinforcements, and ready ter spring on ter me, if I lept down."

"I didn't want ter stay in that tree all night, fer it weren't no ways comfortable, so I cast about in my mind fer a dodge ter trick the bloody animal. I thort on one at last."

"I'd got sum purty strong fish-hooks in my pocket, so I tied three 'em together an' laid up four parts uv fishin'-line to form a stout cord, then I baited the hooks with a chunk uv deer's flesh thet I had in my bag an' havin' fixed the end o' the line to a branch, threw the meat to ar the wolf."

"The cuss snapt it up quicker nor lightnin', an' when twas well down his gullet I checked the line. The critter sprang o' one an' howled like thunder, but I'd got him fast, an' I hauled him up until he was turned round, then choked with his own insides. He couldn't yell no longer, so I jest sprang off the tree, stuck my knife half-deep into his throat an' laid him out. I made tracks fer him arter that, an' the sojers had a good larf next day, when they heerd I'd bin fishin' an' ketched a wolf!"

WHEN I go to a hotel to sleep I always lie awake to listen for alarms of fire. Last night some fellow whispered "fire" through the keyhole of my door, and as I was in the fifth story, and never like to be behind in anything, I showed great presence of mind in getting out of bed serenely and suddenly—sudden'y the word—hastily put both legs in the sleeves of my coat, got my arms in my pantaloons, went out without waiting to unlock the door—fled frantically downstairs, rushed into the parlor, where there was an evening party going on, recovered breath enough to ask where the fire was, found I had been sold at a ruinous discount; discovered my suit didn't fit and went up them stairs like a spotted cat after a six-legged mouse.

WHEN molasses is going up it is said to be the most syrup-rising thing in the world.

THE worship of golden calves is pure idol-

ism.

SOME men are eternally writing their names on walls; when I read them I always translate, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

THE man who held his breath that he might live long in this world was the funeral

proprietor of an impromptu.

WHAT is an iceberg? A lump of ice floating in a mint julep.

BEAT TIME.

### AUGUST.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Ah sun that heated seven times hot

Becomes a regular Hotentot!

Ah winds that never, never blow!

Ah breath of life that seems to go!

Ah sweat that from the brow doth speed,

By which we do not earn our bread!

Ah false, false paper collars,

That melt away like spindrifts' dollars!

Ah handkerchiefs turned into mops!

Ah noses red before you time!

Ah cheeks turned into frying chops.

Reminding one of a hotter climate!

Ah linen coats that hang like towels!

At which the dear wife looks and growls!

Ah tender love that waxes warm!

Ah freezing looks that lose their charm!